

August 7, 1959

Dr. Irving London
Department of Medicine
Albert Einstein College of Medicine
New York 61, N.Y.

Dear Irv'

I realized I hadn't had an opportunity to express my regrets over the unfruitfulness of your recent negotiations with Stanford, and I hope it is not an intrusion if I make one now. Really, I am very sorry indeed, especially as we seemed to share some ideals in medical-scientific education for whose realization Stanford as a place, and you as part of it, would have been uniquely suited. I am also sorry on your account, taking your own remarks at face value as to how you wanted to work in future; and most of all I am sorry on mine, to miss what would have been a very rewarding colleguery.

In fact, I am bullheaded enough not to want to face facts; at least I find it very difficult to accept the case as being finally and absolutely closed, and I certainly intend to do what I can to stir it up again at any opportunity. If you were to insist absolutely that this was not only futile but seriously harmful I might have to desist; if it is only futile I don't mind depending some patience. I wouldn't mind having some encouragement from you in the sense of an outline of what might make a difference now; but I have no right to ask this of you now, and it can wait while the pot simmers. I realize that you must be sick of concerning yourself about such a distracting problem, and I shouldn't want to impose on your composure. But I personally feel I have too much at stake to let it go without more of a fight than we've had. I'm sorry that both Art and I were away when the issue was being settled; perhaps we could have had some salutary influence on both sides. (But I should reassure you that this letter is written entirely at my own initiative.)

All best wishes,


Joshua Lederberg

P.S. If you have a publication mailing list, would you put me
I enclose a tidbit as a token in exchange.

LONDON, I.